

# WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

No. 50.—VOL. XVI

NEW-YORK SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15 1804.

No. 51.

## THE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER;

A TALE.

(By Miss Yeames.)

[CONCLUDED.]

MADAME d'Albina sunk on her knees at the feet of her aged father. The young Sophie followed her; and, from natural timidity, hid herself at the back of her aunt. But Catharine had not forgotten her beloved child; for having returned the embrace of monsieur de Vassy, she hastily rose, and put the agitated Sophie in the arms of her grandaunt. The count impeded countless kisses on her cheek; drops of heavenly tenderness fell from her eyes, the feeble tones of his voice trembled, as well as his whole frame, with a thousand contending emotions.

"My child!—my child!" he could only utter. "My second Orangeenette! forgive your repeatant grandaunt."

"Indeed—indeed I love you too well to withhold my pardon," replied the charming girl, returning his embraces with redoubled transport.

Godolphin d'Avescens now came forward, entreating to be admitted a partaker of their mutual congratulations; and monsieur de Vassy joining their hands, addressed them as follows—

"My children, you naturally share my love; my wealth shall be equally divided between you unless, indeed, Sophie can agree with Godolphin by allowing no separation; if so, then I shall be more than blessed; and who so worthy of possessing so much beauty as the brave Godolphin?"

The valerian appeared nearly giddy with the transporting idea; and Sophie,—the beautiful Sophie!—could not despoil her delight. As for Catharine she was never so happy, and the countess and Adeloude appeared nearly wild with joy.

Monsieur d'Avescens and Sophie were shortly after united; and the count de Vassy, and his daughter Catherine, in contemplating their heavenly harmony, glided through the remainder of "this valley of sighs and tears" in undiminished happiness.

## THE OLD MAID;

A WELSH TALE.

(By Miss Eliza Yeames.)

THE dark mantle of night had spread itself over the valley,—in the Island of Anglesea; the hills, the lofty trees, were robed in the brown shade; the ploughman beat his eager steps, weary with the toil of day, followed by his faithful mastiff, the partaker of his lowly fortune, who had adhered to him from his earliest days. The solitude of the place was calculated to inspire religious awe; for nothing broke in upon the silence, but requies, except the faint notes of a female voice who was tuning a hymn to her heavenly Maker. The sound proceeded from a little cottage situated near a deep grove, the trees of which nearly concealed the neat white brick dwelling from the eye. The jasmine and honeysuckles spread their tender branches

over the upper windows, and a row of flower-pots lined the lower; to it belonged a small tract of land fertile in grass and corn. Here the ewe and the innocent lamb were to be seen playing their innocent gambols; and there, further on, the gentle cow, with her milk white-calf. Happy scenes of rural sweet! the eye receives more gratification while resting on ye, than it possibly can do gazing on works couched in a less simple garb. The last note of the hymn had just died away, when a young woman rushed into the cottage, and flung herself at the feet of its owner.

"I am come to ask your consent, dearest lady," she cried, "to my union with William Stewart."

"Rise, my Philippa; you have it," replied she.

"Thank you, beloved Marianne," said Philippa, kissing her hand, "for this kind concession. You who are agamg marriage yourself who are resolved to live single all your life, yet consent for your adopted daughter to war against your system."

"I have no right to withhold my approbation, Philippa," replied Marianne: "your father and mother are still living; although you think me alone your father, mother, and all. To me you are so; for when I took you, an infant, to this house and my bosom, did not I vow to live for you—to devote my days to your improvement? I reared your tender days. With what tendress I doctored you none can tell; with what delight I beheld your daily improvement none can conceive. Oh, Philippa! must I then be parted from you? Must you leave me for Stewart? But why do I repine? Is he not more worthy your love than I am? Is he not better calculated to guard your future days? Oh, yes! then he it is. Never shall one more repining expression escape my lips."

"Oh, no! I will never leave you!" cried Philippa. "My Stewart will suffer me to attend you all your days. Here, then, will he and I take up our abode, if you, Marianne, will suffer us."

"Kind girl!" said Marianne, embracing her, "you have anticipated my wishes. Here, then, shall I view you still more happy than you have ever been; the pleasure of love shall animate your countenance, and light up the expression of your eyes. Young William, too, will be the enlivener of our evening hours, and the assiduous lover of my Philippa: the assiduous lover! Ah, let me not think of his love; for are not some men false? and so he may prove! Philippa, beware."

The agitation Marianne evinced, the impressive tone of her voice at the last two words, greatly surprised her young auditor; who in a trembling voice, replied—

"Surely, not!—he cannot be untrue! Why dearest madam, should we judge him by another's mismemory?"

"I had forgotten myself," said Marianne, recovering her composure. "I did not recollect my lover had a particular reason for his conduct."

Ah, Philippa, sing in eulogies to you! Hear my story and pity me."

She began as follows—

"I was the only daughter of the most tender of parents, whose hopes were placed on me. To

the utmost of their power they indulged my every wish, nor ever repined at the overbearing disposition I daily more evinced, although the whole household complained of me, and from the highest to the lowest I was hated by them. I was nearly sixteen when I first became acquainted with Lord Francis Ledger, an English nobleman, who instantly professed a violent attachment for the little Welsh girl. Lord Francis was very young; his person was elegant, his manners were extremely prepossessing, and his disposition was very amiable. I must confess his attentions were flattering to me. I prided myself on the conquest I had made, and secretly determined to live it, claims more closely by every power I could command! Ah! why was I so cruelly severe? I now shudder to review my guilty conduct, and the pangs I gave to my indulgent parents. Ere to return; Lord Francis, flattered by seeming approbation, ventured to disclose to me his passion. After hearing him to an end, I flung away the mask, I had hitherto worn; and, browning on him, declared that his addresses could never be acceptable to me; telling him that he had insulted my conduct and that I never intended to be any thing more to him than a friend. At this declaration he started; the blood took on his cheeks, and he exclaimed—"Oh, fatal mistake! How have I drunk the delicious poison from your consenting eyes, until my whole soul was yielded to excess of love, and I have ventured to aspire to the supreme delight of calling you mine! Ah, wretched Ledger! how have you dreamed! 'Tis plain Marianne never loved you; but the smiles she bestowed on you were the smiles she cast on every one else!"

"For the first time, I felt my heart beat with compassion. For him, I believe my eyes expressed the sensation I felt; for his were instantaneously animated in a tone of pleasure, and he cried—

"By heavens! you do pity me, and this beam of compassion repays me for all the pangs I have experienced for the last few moments."

"But, snatching my hand from his tender grasp, I repulsed him a second time, and left him abandoned to despair. Philippa, you must condemn this conduct. I knew it was wrong, and bitter tears have I many times since shed at the recollection of that period of my life. From that hour I never met Lord Francis, as he left Wales and returned to England. No doubt you must think my parents were surprised at his sudden flight; indeed they were, and my mother took an early opportunity of inquiring of me concerning it. But I did not choose to disclose the truth, therefore returned evasive answers to all her anxious inquiries.

"For some months I heard nothing of Lord Francis. In the interim my tender mother died; and, while I was yet in my weeds, I received the news of poor le ger's death. From that hour my conduct underwent a total change: I was no longer proud and tyrannical, but humble and condescending. No longer hated, I became loved and revered. The hand which had once turned aside the weeping children of poverty was now stretched out to relieve their distresses. These eyes, which had often turned

with sickening disgust from the sight of pale disease and rage were now employed to trace out such wretched objects. The tongue which had scoffed at their sufferings was now used to soothe the distressed, and my bosom was now the cradle for the head of sickness. Sweet were the sensations I experienced from these acts of charity; and, while clasped to my aged parent's grateful heart, after relating to him the wretched scenes I had witnessed and softened, I felt what it was to be virtuous.

(To be Concluded in our next.)

#### A MORNING'S WALK IN DECEMBER.

"Now snows descend, and robe the fields  
In Winter's bright array."

HARVEY.

"The morn, slow rising, o'er the drooping world  
Lifts its pale eye unjovous."

THOMPSON.

"For wind and rain beat dark December."

SHAKESPEARE.

THIS morn when I arose, I found Nature covered with a snowy mantle. Though the heavy shower still continued to descend, I walked amid the glittering scene; not to view the daisy embroidered mead, nor p'm empanelled with gold-cups; not to inhale the violet-scented breeze, nor to hearken to congregated nightingales; but to contemplate the rufiful appearance of Creation, despoiled of all that was beautiful, by the savage strokes of despotie Winter.

Equipped in a thick great coat, I bade defiance to "the prizing of the pinions storm."

My figure was rather grotesque; and had a painter seen me, he might have thought me no bad emblematical representation of that season which was the subject of my contemplations.

Though all around appeared ungrateful to the eye, yet hope suggested some pleasing ideas.

The closing year solemnly reminds me that another annual period of my short life has rolled down the stream of time to the ocean of eternity. Still my little skiff is buffeting the waves, white vessels of ampler dimensions and prouder magnitude are whelmed beneath the tide. Still I breathe the vital air, and "drink the golden day," while the celebrated Cowper and the amiable Beattie "repose in a dull cold marble." With me the flowery Spring of human life is flown, the Summer is commenced: soon, if Heaven permits, the Autumn and Winter of age will arrive; that dreary Winter that knows no succeeding Spring.

#### BOUNTY AND LIBERALITY.

ALPHONSUS, King of Sicily, always wore very rich rings upon his fingers: and, when he washed, that he might not damage the stones used to put them into the hands of his servant that stood nearest to him. His Majesty once gave them to one that, supposing the king had forgot them, employed them to his own benefit. The King took no notice of it, but put on other rings; and going another day to wash his hands, he that had not restored the former, put forth his hand to receive those he was pulling off; but Alphonsus, putting his hand back, said to him very solly, I will give thee these rings to keep when thou restordest them I formerly entrusted thee with, and proceeded no further against him for his deceit.

#### For the New York WEEKLY MUSEUM.

Some 15 or 20 years ago, Miss Diana———of this city, being up the North River on a visit, received an invitation to dine at a friend's house; The gentleman had not long before left the army, on his marriage with a beautiful young lady; bring a man of some fancy and a lively imagination, wrote promptly in behalf of himself and his wife, the following invitation, which I am informed exactly included the bill of fare.

"THE prayrs of thy Votries. O Goddess Diana  
"Is no matter whether on Hudson or Bama,  
"Are thaker country'd, to summon your Grace  
"To take with your friends, at our table, a place.

"On Wednesday, at three, the smock will arise  
"From Fig, fowl and Turkey, roast Chickens  
"and Fies;  
"The table shall roar with good humor and love,  
"To prove a content is there from above.  
"At the porch of thy Temple, tittawes we'll pour,  
"And crown all thy nymphs with some delicate flow'r;  
"We shew prop'c'ons, and come at the hour.

MARS & VENUS.  
"Our names, but coming thro' folly  
"To earth, we were measured.

V—n—r & Dolly."

To Miss———  
Monday Morning,

This little *jur de spiri*, was shown to a few friends, and spoken of in the neighborhood, 'till at length, it was seen by a gentleman who assumed great gravity, and always wore the look of wisdom, but whose wife was suspected of wearing the *inexpressibles*, and was known to have her full share of tongue. He, one day standing in the street, with a party of gentlemen, observed the writer of the invitation coming towards them. "Be still," said he, "and I'll give Mars a shot;" all was silence accordingly; poor Mars, supposing the party engaged in a private conversation, was about to pass a little on one side. *The shooting gentleman* took off his hat with great deliberation and making a low bow, saluted him with "How do Mr. Mrs. I hope Venus is well; The other instantly gave his hat, and passing on replied, "Very well thank you Socrates; How is it with Xantippe?" The full force of the reply was felt, and a loud laugh raised by the rest of the company, sent poor Socrates sneaking off in great confusion.

#### LINES.

Copied from a Board over the Door of John Grace, of White-Waltham, Berks.

JOHN GROVE, grocer, and dealer in tea,  
Sells the finest of congees and best of bohea;  
A dealer in coppee, a measurer of land,  
Sells the finest of sniffs, and the finest white sand;  
A singer of padams, and a serin'er of monys,  
Collects the land-tax, and sells fine virgin honey;  
A ragman, a carrier, a baker of bread,  
And a clerk to the living as well as the dead;  
Fusty clerk, constable, sells scissars and knaves,  
Best Virginia and bucklers, collects the small tithes;  
Is a treasurer to clubs, and maker of wills,  
He surveys men's estates, and vends Anderson's pills,  
Wooden-draper and hatter, sells all sorts of shoes,  
With the best earthen-ware, also, takes in the news;  
Deals in hurdles and eggs, sells the best of small-beer,  
The finest sea-coal, and selected o'reeves,  
Surveyor deputate, sells fine writing paper,  
Has a vote for the conway, and a linen-draper;  
A dealer in cheese, and the best Hampshire bacon,  
Plays the fiddle divinely if I'm not mistaken.

#### SKETCH OF A MOMENTARY SCENE FROM NATURE.

CALLING the other day to see a friend, I found, that during my absence, he had been made happy by the birth of a son, the fair child with which his lovely partner had blessed him.—With an honest ardor he insisted on introducing me to the apartment of his wife. The laws of custom gave way to the desire of friendship, and I attended him.—With pale look and down-cast eye the tender mother smiling upon the babe; her cheek had but a wotted dye; but upon seeing me it was upon a momentary flush—what interesting nobility!—A most enchanting languor hung upon her frame; the tear of tenderness shone in her eye, while still she smiled on her babe;—the father entered the room he stole a glance towards his treasure, he thought himself unequalled—it was the look of love and tenderness ineffable—it was all the feeling mind can possibly conceive;—She chid him for bringing me to witness her situation—it was the chiding of love; he answered with a kiss—I imagined brought this scene home to me; I believe that portent of pleasures which proceeds from seeing others happy; but when Anna's image (which is always with me) was viewed in the light: I was lost, and e'er I was aware, I found the most generous tear that flowed from the source sensible trickling down my cheek.

Such is the inexpressible pleasure which sympathetic mind derives from virtuous love.

#### HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

ON a tablet hanging up in the Church of Allhalows Barking, Tower-street, it is written:

"This church was much defaced and ruined by a lamentable blow of twenty-seven barrels of gun-powder, that took fire on the first of January, 1619, in a ship chandler's house, over against the south side of the church, and afterwards was repaired and beautified again by a voluntary contribution of the parishioners."

The accounts given of this disaster are as follows:

"One of the houses in this place was a ship-chandler's, who, on the fourth of January above-said, being busy in his shop barrelling up gunpowder, it took fire, and in the twinkling of an eye blew up not only that, but all the houses therabouts, to the number (towards the street and in back alleys) of fifty or sixty. The number of persons destroyed by this blow could not be known, for the next house but one was the Rose Tavern, a house always full of company and that time of night, and that day the parish dinner was at the house; and in three or four days after, digging, they continually found heads, legs, &c. miserably torn and scorched, besides many whole bodies, without near so much as their clothes scorched. In this accident there were two things very remarkable; the mistress of the house of the Rose Tavern was found sitting in her bar, and one of the drawers standing by the bar-set, with a pot in his hand, only stilled with dust and smoke; their bodies being preserved whole by means of great timbers falling across one upon another."

"Also the next morning there was found upon the upper leads of Barking Church, a young child lying in a cradle, neither child nor cradle having any sign of the least fire or any hurt; it was never known who the child was, so that none of the parishioners kept it for a memorial." "And in the year 1777," says Mr. Stow, "I saw the child then grown up to a proper maiden, and came to the man that had kept it all that time, when he was drinking at a *publick* and he asserted the above to be true."

## THE BRAES OF YARROW.

THY Braes were bonny, Yarrow stream !  
When first on thee I met my lover ;  
Thy Braes now dreary, Yarrow stream !  
Behold how thy waves his body cover !

Forever more, O Yarrow stream !  
Thou art to me a source of sorrow ;  
For never on thy banks shall I  
Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow !

He promised me a millet-head wide  
To replace me to his father's couches ;  
He promised me a wedding ring—  
The wedding day was had to-morrow !

Sweet were his words when last we met ;  
My passion I as freely told him !  
Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought  
That I should never more behold him !

Sorrows were gone, I saw his ghost !  
It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow—  
Three did the water-wraiths ascend,  
And give a doleful groan thru' Yarrow !

His mother from the徒ed moor look'd  
With all the longings of a mother ;  
His little sister weeping walk'd,  
The greenwood path to meet her brother ;

They sought him east, they sought him west,  
They sought him all the forest thorough ;  
They only saw the cloud of night,  
They only heard the roar of Yarrow !

No longer from the window look,  
Thou hast no son, thou sender mother,  
No longer walk, thou lonely maid !  
Alas ! thou hast no more a brother.

No longer walk east or west,  
And search no more the forest thorough ;  
For wandering in the night so dark,  
He fell a lifeless corse at Yarrow.

\* The water-flood soon was called the Euphrate.

NEW-YORK, DECEMBER 15, 1804.

Forty-four Deaths have occurred in this city during the last week, ending the 8th inst.

Births in this city, for the month of November, 1804—Males, 128—Females, 148—Total 276.

The number of Deaths during the same period was—Men, 51—Boys, 48—Women, 46, Girls, 47—Total, 192. Excess of Births, 54.

Capt. Merry, of this city, who arrived on Wednesday from Philadelphia informs, that on Tuesday at 12 o'clock, a note was inserted on the Coffee-House books at Philadelphia, stating, that two British frigates had fallen in with two Spanish frigates, and a sloop of war, bound from some part of South America for Cadiz, one of the frigates having on board Two Millions of Dollars—that an engagement ensued; that during which the frigate having the specie on board blew up; and that the other frigate and the sloop of war were captured by the British; This news was received by a vessel said to be below.

The ship America, of Boston, while loading at Cape-Aun, with coffee and sugar, took fire, was burnt to the water's edge, from a candle having been left in her hold. The property destroyed is estimated at 20,000 dollars.

## A STRIKING OCCURRENCE.

Last Saturday morning, a Mr. W., of this city arose before his wife, and had breakfast prepared, and even tea poured out ready for drinking against she came down. Just as they were seated, a rap called him to the door; While he was there, happening to taste her tea, she found it too sweet for her, and therefore exchanged her cup for his, he being in the habit of drinking his tea sweeter than she was. He returned, swallowed the contents of his cup somewhat hastily, when looking earnestly at the sediment, he turned to her with a face of horror, and asked if she had changed the cup? being answered in the affirmative. Then I am gone, said he, and died in less than two hours.

LONDON, July 16.

About one o'clock on Sunday morning last, Mr. Black of Lancashire, an eminent woollen manufacturer, came to the White-Horse, in Peter-lane, in the Manchester coach, where he stopped in company with some other gentlemen. A short time after supper he seemed fatigued, and expressed a wish to retire. He had not remained long in his bed room before the chamber-maid heard an uncommon noise, which so much alarmed her that she communicated her fears to the hostler, who thought them at the time undeserving of notice, but the same noise being repeated and no answer given to a loud knocking at the door, it induced the hostler, and some others present, to force their way into the bed-room, when they found the unfortunate gentleman lying bleeding on the floor, with a pen-knife near him, with which he had cut his throat in a most shocking manner. He was just able to speak, and attributed the circumstance to the loss of a law-suit; but added, that although he had made up his mind to the deed, it was not his intention to have perpetrated the act there. Mr. Andree, of Hoxton-grove, was called in to his assistance, and every necessary attendance given, but he died a few hours afterwards. A coroner's inquest was held on the body, the following day and brought in a verdict of — " Lascivious."

On Thursday the coroner's jury sat on the body of an unfortunate woman who threw herself out of the window of her lodgings, in Greek Street, to avoid the bailiffs, who were about to arrest her, and brought in their verdict " accidental death." It appeared that the deceased, on hearing the officers on the stairs, had imagined she could drop from her back window into the yard, without hurting herself, and by that means make her escape. Accordingly she put herself out of the window, still holding by the transom, when, it is supposed, when she recollecting she must fall into an area behind the house which was much below the yard, and therefore endeavoured to get back, screaming all the while in a most piteous way, till her strength being exhausted, she fell down and received two violent blows the one on the back part of her head, and the other on her temple, which occasioned instant death. She had not a limb broken in the fall; and, but for the blows alluded to, she would most probably have escaped her pursuers. She was an elderly woman, and has left a girl of fourteen years old totally destitute of support. Every means were used to save her, but the efforts proved ineffectual.

25,000 Dollars the highest prize.

For sale at this Office, No. 3 Peck-Slip,  
TICKETS IN LOTTERY, No. 3, FOR THE  
ENCOURAGEMENT OF LITERATURE.

## COURT OF HYMEN.

"WEDLOCK ! thou dear, delicious state,  
To thee 'We ever hark';  
In thy blis'd claims no foul debate,  
On love's sweet hours can steal."

## MARRIED.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. John Abel, Mr. John B. V. Vanick, merchant, to Miss Maria Remsen, daughter of John Remsen, Esq. all of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. Henry Havens, merchant, to Miss Eliza Webster, daughter of Mr. John Webster, all of this city.

On Tuesday last, by the Rev. Mr. Vredenburg, Mr. Lawrence F. Dufour, merchant, of this city, to Miss Jane Davis, of Millstone, New-Jersey.

At Newark, on the 15th ult. George Nelson, Esq. (related to the Hero of the Nile, the illustrious Duke of Brontë,) to Miss Eliza Smith.

## MORTALITY.

TIME brushes off our lives with sweeping wing.

## DIED.

On Monday morning last, of an apoplectic fit, Wm. ALEXANDER, Esq. a gentleman well versed in law, and highly respected by a numerous circle of friends and acquaintance.

At Boston, on the 6th inst. very suddenly and deeply regretted, the Right Rev. Samuel Parker, D. B. Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Massachusetts, in the 60th year of his age.

A few days since, JANE LE PORTE VINE, aged 102, a native of France, but has resided in this country upwards of fifty years.

On Sunday next the 16th inst. at half past two o'clock in the afternoon a Charity Sermon will be preached at the Methodist Church in Second-street, at the Bowery, provided the weather is favorable, when a collection will be made for the benefit of their Free School—A Hymn will also be sung by the scholars, adapted to the occasion.

The school lately consisted of thirty children, male and female, since which an addition of five more has been admitted, making altogether thirty-five nearly the whole of which are widow and orphan children, who are taught in the principles of christian religion, reading, writing, arithmetic, and book keeping, and are furnished with house room, books, &c. and also with one suit of clothes every year.

## CHRISTMAS PIECES;

Just received a very elegant assortment, colored and plain, by the Groce, Dozen or single one; For Sale at this Office.

For Sale at this Office; No. 3 Peck-Slip,

## Books and Stationery

Of every description.

History, Divinity, Miscellany, Novels, Romances, Architecture, Arithmetic, Geography, Navigation, &c. &c.

Writing Paper, Quills, Ink-Powder, Wafers, Sealing Wax, Ink-Stands, Pocket Books, Blotting Papers, Pencils, Pen-knives, &c. &c.

## COURT OF APOLLO.

### THE POET,

WHO'S the true poet?—Is it he  
That makes a mountain of a grain—  
That swells a lake into a sea,  
Or bids a hill become a plain?

Or he that fills a realm with fire,  
And drives a host of warriors through's  
And sees them, while their foes retire,  
Thro' whirlwinds, hell and flames pursue?

Or he that soars on fancy's wings,  
And views in heav'n th' angelic war;  
And angels on arches brings,  
To drive the trait'rous legions far?

Is it he that seeks for truth—  
That teaches men "themselves," to know—  
Strives to persuade the thoughtless youth  
In wisdom's peaceful paths to go?

Tis Poet I sing, the happy bard,  
The Homer of the British Isle;  
He that demands our first regard—  
Who teaches truth in plainest style:

And pious WATTS, who tunes his lyre  
To sing the GREAT ETERNAL's praises  
And fill'd with pure seraphic fire,  
Pours forth his soul in heavenly lays.

### ANECDOTE.

RUDOLPHUS AUSTRIACUS, Earl of Hapsburg, being a hunting on a rainy day, **RE SAW** a priest wet and dirty, carrying the sacrament on foot to a sick and languishing person, the Earl was charmed at this unaccustomed sight, and, dismounting from his horse, in emotion of spirit, said, "What! Said I ride on horseback at my ease, while he that has the honor to carry my Saviour trudges through direst mire, wet and weary on foot; it must not, shall not be;" and thereupon enjoined the priest to mount his horse; and the priest in obedience to the Earl's command, obeyed.

The Earl to signify his reverence to the host, followed it bareheaded, and on foot through the rain to the sick man's house, and in the same humble posture accompanied the priest back to his. The priest, amazed at the unusual humility of so great a person, gave him his blessing when he took his leave, and as in an extraordinary manner inspired by the celestial powers, foretold, "That the Imperial Crown should be enjoyed by him and his posterity, who now, in spite of Turk and French, have possessed it for many years, according to that prediction."

### LIQUID BLACKING

TICE's improved liquid blacking for boots and shoes and all leather that requires to be kept black, is universally allowed the best ever offered to the publick, is never extractes nor extractes, the leather hot enters it, looks fresh and beautiful to the last, and never fails. Black morocco that has lost its luster is restored equal to new by the use of this blacking. Sold wholesale, retail, and for examination, by J. Tice at his residence, Store, No. 136 William-street, and by G. Camp, No. 138 Fetter Street, where all orders will be thankfully received, and immediately executed.

To prevent consternation, the directions on every bottle will be signed J. TICE, in writing, without which they are not genuine.

J. Tice has likewise for sale, a general assortment of Penmanship of the full quality.

Dec. 27.

### MORALIST.

### ABILITIES.

IN learning the useful parts of every profession very master of abilities will suffice; even if the mind be a little balanced with stupidity, it may in this case be useful. Great abilities have always been less serviceable to the possessors than moderate ones. Life has been compared to a race; but the ambition still improves, by observing that the most active are over the least manageable.

To know one profession only, is enough for one man to know; and this (whatever the professors may tell you to the contrary) is soon learned.

Be contented, therefore, with one good employment; for if you understand two at a time, people will give you business to neither.

### LITERATURE.

The subscriber highly sensible of the importance of the cause committed to him as a Teacher of English Literature, reluctantly remembers the liberal encouragement of his employers to him in the use of his business, and assures them that he will to the utmost of his ability continue to insist in the minds of his Pupils, with energy every part of instruction, which may have been a tendency to promote their private and future usefulness; the subscriber respectfully informs his employers and the public in general, that he proposes opening an Evening School on the first evening of October next. And consisting of having reciprocally discharged his duty to those committed to his care in communicating useful knowledge, teaching strict grammar, virtue, and morality, he desires himself of further liberal encouragement in the disposal his business. He commences usual to give lessons to Ladies and Gentlemen at their own dwellings, particularly to the new system of Penmanship, wherein he will accomplish them in three months. Or can materially improve the hand in writing by a few lessons.

S. B. The subscriber writes Deeds, Mortgages, Testaments, Wills, Letters, Powers, &c. &c. on the most reasonable terms. No. 17 Banker-Street.

W. D. LEZELL.

### Mr. TURNER.

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has removed from Devons-street, to No. 15 PARK, near the Temple, where he practices PHYSIC and the profession of SURGEON DENTISTE. His ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but serve the definitive purposes of nature. And to conceal imperfections that they cannot be discovered from the mouth natural. His method also of CLEANING the TEETH is greatly improved, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the fine teeth, without injuring the fibrous part, or injure to the enamel. In the mouth ranging TOOTH-ACH, his TINCTURE has surely proved a Remedy, but if the DISEASE is beyond the power of removal, its extraction in extracting CARIOUS TEETH, in the most improved CLINICAL SURGICAL principles, is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any Lady, or Gentleman at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 15 Park, where he may be seen an ANTHRACITIC TOOTH POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from Chemical knowledge. It has been considerably altered the last ten years, and many Medical Cutters have used and recommended it, as by the daily application, the TEETH become beautifully white, the GUMS are braced, and affords a firm and natural healthful red appearance, the loosened TEETH are rendered fast in their Sockets, the breath imparts a delicious fragrance, and the disagreeable accumulation of TARTAR, together with DENTY, and TOOTH-ACH removed.

The TINCTURE and POWDER, may likewise be had at G. and R. Wailes Book-Store No. 64 Maudlin-Lane Aug. 25. 1804.

B. 15.

### FILES OF THE WEEKLY-MUSEUM,

neatly bound:—For sale at this office.

### N. SMITH,

Chemist Perfumer, from London, at the New-York City Powder and Perfume Manufactory, The Golden Rule, No. 134 Broadway, opposite the City Hotel.

SMITH's improved chemical Mills of Rules to well known for clearing the skin from freckles, pimples, redness or leucorrhœa has not its equal for preparing the skin to become old age, and is very fine for whitening after shaving—when painted directly on the face, hair, and body, or with pointed dressings.

Smith's Comedie de Toilette, for thickening the hair, dug keeping it from falling out or turning grey & green, &c. per quart, with various directions.

His impulsive Hair Powder, 10. per lb., &c. Vinaigrette, 10. per quart.

His beautiful Hair Powder, 10. per quart.

Smith's transparent Royal Paste, for whitening the skin making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only in boxes, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pound.

Smith's Extracts, Almond, Rose, Sweet, Powder, Earth, Tea and Green, warranted, a 1d. per box.

Smith's Vegetable Range, for giving a general coloring to complexion like with his Vegetables or Peat Colours immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet-scented Waters and Essences, with every article necessary for the toilet, warranted.

Smith's Chemical Blacking Cakes, for making Shaving Liquid Blacking, —Almond Powder for the Skin, 10. 15. Smith's Circumcisal Oil, for glazing and keeping the hair in curl, the painted Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chemical principles to help the operation of Shaving, Smith's celebrated Corn Flax, 3d. per box.

The best warranted Corseal Razors, Electro-Razors, Scops, Shaving boxes, Dressing cases, Pen Knives, Safety-Combines, Ivory, and Horn combs, Grooming whisks, Birch Smelling-bottles, &c. &c. Ladies & Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but have their goods a great deal free from adulteration, which is not the case with imported perfumery. \* \* \* Great allowance to those who buy in full again.

December 6. 1804.

805 15.

### ELEGANT SILVER TEA SETS & JEWELRY,

JOHN W. FORBES,

No. 121 PEARL, CORNER of ROSE-STREETS,

Returns his thanks to his friends and the public, for past favors, and favors himself from the knowledge he has in Manufacturing the above articles, and the extensive sales paid in all orders to merit a continuance of their patronage. He has on hand a few Tea Sets of the latest fashion, and most elegant patterns. Likewise Teas and Table Spoons, Sugar-tongs, Soap Ladles, Gravy and Mustard Spoons, &c. Gold Lockets, Breast Pins, Rings, Earrings, &c. &c. Ivory and Silver Nurses Needles, Pinchets, Pocket-Hooks, Comb, Heads, Etc. &c. &c.

Gilt Silver Tea Sets, Coffee-pots, and Brandy-Water, Wine-Saucepans, &c. made to any pattern, on the shortest notice. Workmanship and Silver, warranted equal to British Sterling.

N. B. Old Gold and Silver Taken in payment.

Dec. 15. 1804.

805 15.

### MILLINERY SELLING OFF,

(No. 119 William-street).

A SAUNDERS being determined to get off and quit the line of business, was recommended to his ladies who have now supplied themselves with bonnets for the winter, to call and see before they purchase, as they may more than themselves by finding them much lower in their price than they can be afforded by such as are continuing the business.

The Millinery consists of Plush, Velvet, silk, Brocades and Imperial Hats and Bonnets of the newest fashion and all imported by the last arrivals from London.

N. B. Country merchants may be supplied on good terms.

Dec. 15. 1804.

### NEW-YORK:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR

### No. 3 PECK-SLIP.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum.

"THAT when I chose young Englands. He himself; were dark peculiarly many persons heart tried. I found all others indeed, pleasing me, assured me. My mind I passed myself I could not be read; there were in one fatal fating transport shall I force my feet pressions as hard as he centred I can address nearly arms his lips, the I relate with the injuries suffice it to father to a of women, py. One playing to the conceit taking them keep him name the entered of "O, the of I, lang "Sack folly. "I can "What "Never of his con "Revenge am smile play "It is ther; why "My fa lover in a all infamy "He is small sur living place, well I was and the so not this looking at